

*The History of*

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reueng the ieering and disdaind contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answere all the debt he owes to you,  
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace Coosin, say no more.  
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents  
Ile read you matter deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit.  
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,  
On the vnsteadfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If hee fall in, good night, or sinke or swime,  
Send danger from the East vnto the west,  
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: O the bloud more stirrs  
To rowse a Lion, than to start a Hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the boundes of patience.  
By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,  
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,  
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,  
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare  
Without corriuall all her dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe fact fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehendes a world of figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good Coosin giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners,

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all.  
By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,  
No, if a Scot would saue his soule, he shall not.

Ile

*Henry the fourth.*

Ile keepe them by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no eare vnto my purposes:  
Those prisoners you shall keepe.  
*Hot.* Nay, I will: thats flat:

He said he would not ransom Mortimer,  
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer:  
But I will find him when he lies a sleepe,  
And in his eare Ile hollo Mortimer:  
Nay, Ile haue a starling shal be taught to speake  
No thing but Mortimer, and giue it him,  
To keepe his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Heere you coosin a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly desie,  
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,  
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,  
But that I thinke his father loues him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance:  
I would haue him poysoned with a pot of Ale.

*Wor.* Farewell kinsman, Ile talke to you  
When you are better tempered to attend.

*Nor.* Why what a waspe tongue & impatient foole  
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,  
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with  
Netled, and stung with pismires, when I heare (rods,  
Of this vile politician Bullingbrooke.

In Richards time, what do you call the place;  
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloucestershire;  
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vnckle kept,  
His vnckle yorke, where I first bowed my knee  
Vnto this King of smiles, this Bullingbrooke:  
Zbloud when you and he came back from Rauenspurgh,

*Nor.* At Barkly Castle.

*Hot.* You say true,  
why what a candie deal of curtesie,  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,  
Looke when this infant fortune came to age,  
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind Coosin:

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